

THE TRIUMPH

OR

WARRIOURS Welcome :

A P O E M

ON THE

GLORIOUS SUCCESES

Of the Last Year.

With the ODE for *New-Year's Day*, 1705.

By Mr. TATE,
Poet-Laureat to Her MAJESTY.

The Second Edition.

—Non enim Res gestæ *Verfibus* comprehendendæ sunt, quod longe melius *Historici* faciunt— potius furentis Animi Vaticinatio adpareat, *P. Arb.*

L O N D O N :

Printed by *J. Rawlins* for *J. Holland* at the Bible in *St. Paul's Alley*.
Sold by *J. Nutt* near *Stationers-Hall*. 1705.

1459
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APOLOGY

T O

FAME.

Forgive, O Gen'rous Fame, a tim'rous Muse,
That long your desp'rate Service did refuse:

Tim'rous in Youth, and cautious to engage,
But now Reduc'd, by Injuries and Age,
Below the bold Efforts of Epic Rage;
And frankly does to young Advent'ers yield
The Trophies of the Martial Muse's Field.

Yet, lately summon'd by Alarms of Fame,
All Resolute to Schellenberg she came;
But soon dis-spirited, and put to Flight
With the first Flashing of the Kindling Fight.

*To Blenheim next ; but, baulk'd with the Morass,
She left her Friends disputing of the Pass ;
Amaz'd from the Tempestuous Field she fled,
And hid in Silent Shades her frighted Head.*

*But now your TRIUMPH's safer Season's come,
Sallies to Welcome the brave Warriours Home ;
And briskly marching with the shouting Crowd,
Those Volleys she can bear, and be her self as loud.*

*The Pomp comes on ; and lo ! th' inspiring Sight
Can Courage in the coldest Muse excite ;
Evn Mine, transported with Extemp're Flame,
Runs desp'rate on to push an After-Game.
'Tis so ; I hear her Charging Trumpet sound ;
O Fame farewell---- I dare not stand my Ground.*

*Up to her Zeal could she Perform in Fight,
O what a Scene of Terror and Delight !
A New and Daring Rapsödy you'd find,
To startle Censure, and strike Envy blind.*

T H E
WARRIOUR's Welcome, &c.

O For a Muse of Flame, the Daring Fire
That *Blenheim's* Batt'ling Warriours did inspire ;
Fury like Theirs, that, thro' the Smoaky Fight,
Our-dazled Danger, and made Horror Bright ;
So should the Martial Muse's Song Amaze,
Flash in the Reader's Eyes, and make the Paper Blaze.

Halt hasty Hero ! whither would you press
Your Game of Glory ? Whither push Success ?
War's Garland gain'd, no more Adventures run ;
Enoff is Dar'd ; Secure the Lawrels won.
Fam'd *Shellenberg* --- hold there your Foes at Bay,
'Tis now their Turn the Desp'rate Part to play ;
Deep in Arrears to Fame for Honour lost,
And bound to Pay whate'er the Purchase cost.

What ?

What? *Donawert*, the Fair and Wealthy Dame,
 So soon forsook for a new Quest of Fame?
 E'er Harrafs'd Courage his spent Breath regains,
 While welt'ring Slaughter loads the Groaning Plains,
 And *Danube's* hurrying Stream runs scar'd with Purple Stains. }
 Halt hasty Hero! Victory's your Friend,
 And Fortune your Adventures would attend ;
 With You th' enamour'd Nymph would fain Proceed,
 But falters, flags, and faints beneath your Fiery Speed.

Turn--- 'tis War's Lott'ry where the Prize may fall
 To Undeservers--- do not hazard All--- }
 O deaf to ev'ry Cry, but Glory's charming Call.

Audacious Muse! How darfst thou, Wretch, essay,
 To stop a Warriour on his Glorious Way?

Why? Look Abroad; see Seas of Danger join'd
 To swallow All! see Foes and Fates combin'd ;
 Th' Imperial Eagle drooping with Distress,
 The Gallick Dragon crested with Success ;
 Brandisht aloft behold his threatning Stings,
 And see, O see, beneath his Baleful Wings,

The Shaddow'd Nations struck with Terror dead.

Why that's the Season that of EUROPE's Panick Dread,
For *Britain's* Troops to March, and MARLBOROUGH to Lead.

Hail Gen'rous Champion, that couldst undertake
War's desp'rate Game when *Europe* was the Stake :
With stedd' Fire and manag'd Fury go
To strike, O Fates ! the great deciding Blow.
A Num'rous Valiant Enemies Camp alarm,
At once Astonish Them, and Conquest Charm;
Ravish the Warriour's long-contested Crown,
And reap in one pitch'd Field the Harvest of Renown.

Young *Ammon* with Old *Philip's* Gen'ral Sped,
Parmenio Council'd when Young *Ammon* Led ;
Thro' Discipline of long experienc'd Care,
Julius in Camps had Slav'd the Drudge of War
With Fifty hard-fought Fields he fix'd his Name
Foremost in Story---- *Britain's* Gen'ral came,
At one bold Push swept All, and broke the Bank of Fame.

“ Heroick Deeds, Heroick Thoughts infuse, Mr. Waller.
“ And ev'ry Conqueror creates a Muse ;
But what when Truth transcends whate'er was feign'd,
And Fact o'er Fancy has th' Ascendant gain'd.

How

How then shall Poetry's decrepid Age
 Produce a Genius of proportion'd Rage?
 Or who amongst her Sons of Youthful Fame,
 A Prefident for unexampled Flame?
Maro's too Modest, *Homer's* Heat too Cold
 Her Raving *Pindar's* self scarce so sublimely bold.

From Fairy-Land let *Britain's* *Spencer* Rise,
 And *Milton* soar his loftier *Paradise*,
 Still Martial Merit mounts into Superiour Skies.

Then *Boileau* blame not, with mistaken Pride,
 The Chance that cast Thee on the losing Side;
 Since now, possessing all thy Fields of Praise,
 Valour her own Triumphant Arch can raise,
 And scorns with Poetry to share the Bayes.
 Wit, from her Seat of State, in Conquest's Wain,
 Is now an humble Waiter in her Train.

Vig'rous thy Muse, and practis'd long to Tow'r
 With the Dead Weight of Perjur'd Pageant Pow'r,
 In Artifice of flatt'ring Colours skill'd,
 To grace Brib'd Conquest, and Bought Glory gild.
 Why should she quit her Monarch in Distress?
 When *Lewis* loses, she commands Success:

In Rout her strong Reserves retrieve the Day,
 Her Pencil makes his Gloomy Prospect Gay,
 Well she can Paint, and *Lewis* well can Pay.

Come, bid her Rally, and once more appear
 In glitt'ring Arms her drooping Chiefs to chear :
 Twice wretched, on their late Misfortune's Score,
 And in a Thankless Master's Censure more ;
 Who meanly could his Warriours Conduct blame,
 To shroud his sinking Fortunes in their Shame.

Let therefore *Boileau* and his gen'rous Muse
 Perform a Justice *Lewis* did refuse ;
 'Tis you must do the daring *Tallard* Right,
 Give him a Triumph tho' he lost a Fight.

Think how your great *Turenne* on Action went,
 How *Luxemburg* ; let *Tallard* so present :
 So let him look, and let, with him, advance
 The Pride of Chivalry and Flow'r of *France* ;
 Whose blazing Equipage bright Terror darts,
 The rising Morning at the Lustre starts,
 All *Persian*-gay their Dress, with *Macedonian* Hearts.

On rising Ground his marshall'd Troops display,
 His bold Battallions drawn in deep Array,

Fierce as Commission'd Winds to scourge the Main,
To strip the Forrest, and to scour the Plain.

The Day, by powerful Odds already won,
And Conquest Captiv'd e'er the Fight's begun.

Odds! what are Odds against Resistless Charms?
ANNA's the Word, and *MARLBOROUGH* alarms,
Whose Foll'wers, with Superiour Courage steel'd
And rising Hearts, as tall a Prospect yield,
And to a Level bring th' unequal Field.

Defect of Numbers unseen Pow'rs supply,
The *CAUSE*, the *QUEEN*, and *HEAV'N*, her firm Ally,
Her early Zeal such Succours did provide,
That, when the Fortune of the Field was try'd,
Confed'rate Angels battel'd on her Side.

Then bid your vanquish'd value their Retreat,
And more than common Conquest this Defeat ;
Glorious the Loss, did such a Triumph yield,
To fight th' Invincible, and make a *Doubtful* Field.

But ah what Funds of Wealth can *Lewis* raise,
Or what your mightier Muse of richer Praise,

To ballance the Advent'rous Partner's Cost ?

Oh what Equivalent---

For Honour, Conscience, and a Country lost !

Ill-fated Prince whom flatt'ring Charms withdrew,

So false and fatal Measures to pursue,

Foe to your Friends, and to the Faithless True.

In rightful Arms how great had been your Name

Oh what a Stock of Conduct, Courage, Fame,

Thrown All, All off at an Inglorious Game !

O dismal Change from Glory's swelling Height,

To the low wretched Ebb of an unpity'd Fate.

In *Europe's* Cause hadst thou so bravely fought,

The Service had immortal Lawrels got ;

Insulted Empire, set from Bondage free,

Amongst her Guardians had acknowledg'd Thee.

Renown with *Eugene's* Name had written Thine,

Eugene's and Yours had form'd the second Line,

Next mighty MARLBOROUGH's eternally to shine.

Strange Magick of Ambition, a Disease

Can Reason's Pow'rs with such Delirium seize,

And, like a *Calenture*, make Ruin please ;

Transform a Potentate from Sov'reign Rule,

To Mischief's Martyr, and a Tyrant's Tool.

On Fate enamour'd, and to Council blind,
 Ah! dismal Doom! but rightfully assign'd
 For Troublers of the World and Traytors to Mankind.

Yet Fortunate shall the Disaster be,
 If Trimming States and Tricking Courts in Thee,
 Their common Danger common Safety see.

So, soon should be War's Hurricanes suppress'd,
 And the long harra's'd World at Length have Rest :
 Ruin and Slaughter's deafning Cries should cease,
 All lull'd asleep in the soft Arms of Peace.

Here's thy last Anchor, Hope, and may it hold—

Impertinent, faint, formal, flat and cold.

Y're distanc'd, Lost! unless at second Course,

You stretch and fetch it up with double Force.

Breath and Proceed—

What wou'd you have me write ;

Blenheim, the Theme of Wonder and Delight ;

Blenheim and *Battel*. Wou'd you sink the Fight ?

Pretending Poet! — Why then do you ask,

Who know my Weakness, that *Herculean* Task ?

A Task that does the Mystick Talent crave

To rage with Order, and with Reason rave.

Thus

Thus in Tempestuous Fight----

Did *Britain's* Chief a Gen'ral's Part perform ;
Sedate in Conduct, while with Courage warm ;
'Twas thus our Hero rag'd, and lighten'd thro' the Storm.

What wou'd you have, your *Homer* in a Shell ?
Troy's Tale he told, and *Blenheim's* he may tell,
When *Simois* Streams above the *Danube* swell,

What Parchment *Blenheim's* Battel can contain ?
Have you a Scrawl to cover *Blenheim's* Plain ?
From *Hassael-brook* to *Hockstet*, Front, the Flank
From *Aghberg's* wond'ring Wood to *Danube's* bloody Bank.
A spacious Tract, yet where's the Spot of Ground
Left, in that glorious Action unrenown'd ?
Point out the Field of War that ever bore
Or reap'd, a nobler Crop of Arms before,
No ! never Field of Fame manur'd with richer Gore.

And when d'ye think to finish *Blenheim's* Fight ?
A Minuit on't would take an Age to write ;
A Moment Muse : Think on the grazing Ball ;
D'ye start ? O 'twas a Chance that stunn'd us All !
Who dares the dreadful Circumstance relate,
How near all *Europe's* in her Champion's Fate !

The dismal Pauze, and that amazing Dread
 Was then thro' the whole Scene of Action spread!
 The Damp when Valour's boyling Blood grew chill,
 And all the vast Machine of War stood still.
 An Army Muse that Instant seem'd t' expire,
 To see their leading Light eclips'd in Mire;
 Of Life no Sympton left, but what his self did yield,
 Fresh blazing from the Cloud and Livening all the Field.

Because one Muse *Worthy a Conq'rer's Name*
 Soar'd to the Zenith of Heroick Flame,
 Wou'd you a new *Promethean* Theft aspire
 And offer at Inimitable Fire?
 Go catch the Twinklings of a Starry Beam,
 The dancing Glories of a Sunny Stream,
 Do this, and then of *Blenheim's* Battel dream.

'You the Pretender are, unless you know
 Where stand th' Heroick Pillars, fix'd to show
 Wits outmost Bounds, as long as *Boyne* shall flow.
 O Conquest rest Content, you once were Crown'd
 There, there's the Fund of Fame will keep thee still renown'd.

'Tis so, yet something, Bard, we must essay,
 For Duty summons, and we must obey.

Then

Then try your Skill : a well-prim'd Canvass stretch,
 And boldly strike--- No! first let's see your Sketch.
 Well : Place me now your Principal, * foreright ;
 Not There-- a nearer Ground and stronger Light.
 What! This his Action? This the noble Air
 That sparkled in the Fore-head of the War?
 Down with your Pallet, Dauber, and Despair.

And when your Leading Figure is exprest,
 Where will you think to throng the shining Rest?
 Our GALAXIE of CHIEFS that, with conspiring Flame,
 In strong Conjunction crown'd the Hemisphere of Fame.
 To compass All, and make your Peice intire,
 An *Iliad* and an *Æneid* will require ;
 Stern Truth and Honour (Muse) this Justice crave ;
 And this the Gen'rous MARLBOROUGH will have,
 That Partisans, who could so nobly dare,
 And shar'd his Danger, should the Glory share.
 You'll crowd the Work to bring 'em all in Sight,
 Omit the Least, you lose a Master-Light.
 Steal down a Planet from his Orb, unmist,

(Lift.

Then try to sink one shining Name of Theirs from Honour's

No

No farther, Valiant Chiefs your Fame advance;
 Already on the *Frontiers* of Romance.
 History drops the Pen, nor dares record
 Th' Adventures and Successes of the Sword;
 Asks how the World for Truth shall entertain
 Your Scene of *Blenheim's* Field and *Hockstet* Plain,
 A Captiv'd Army and an Army slain.
 The Posting Minutes stop, and stand amaz'd,
 Time's self, old Time, upon the Wonder gaz'd
 And ballancing the Present with * Past,
 Cry'd; " 'Tis too much for Chronicle, too vast
 " For Credit's Compass; Part must be suppress'd,
 That After-Ages may believe the rest.

* The Fight
 at Schellen-
 berg.

Wing'd Rumour with the joyful Tidings flew,
 And round her all the list'ning Nations drew,
 But wanted Breath to utter the Surprise,
 Nor could the Hundred Mouths of Fame suffice;
 Nothing but huddled Wonders could express,
 Cry *Blenheim, Battle, Marlborough, Success,*
 Dismantle the proud *Louvre*, strip *Versailles*;
 Forg'd are their *Arras* Fights, and false their *Tapstry* Tales.

Dismantle Blasphemy, and in her Place,
Let *Truth* and *Blenheim* the wrong'd Pallace grace.

No Muse, 'twill make the *Danube* blush anew,
To see the *Seine* usurp our *Thames's* Due.

That Triumphs His, and he reserves it All
To beautify his *ANNA's* New *WHITE-HALL*;

When from its Urn shall rise the *Phoenix*-Pile,
The Wonder of the World, and worthy *Britain's* Isle.

What now! Stolen Home? Come back to *Hockstet Dale*,
Deserting Bard : You tremble and turn Pale ;

The Battel's o'er ; what makes your Spirits fail ?

A Grief I cannot bear, and he that can

Must sure be less or something more than Man !

The Field is won--- but see the Crimson Stain

On Conquest's Brow, Ah Muse, our Worthies Slain

The Life of War laid Breathless on the Plain !

You now turn Pale, nor longer can disguise

The Uproar of your swelling Breast and Eyes ;

No longer can your starting Tears conceal,

Th' imprison'd Sighs will from your Bosom steal.

No more: Call in the TRIUMPH that may yield
A Salvo Bard—

I cannot leave the Field ;
Till o'er the weltring Worthies first you sing
A parting Verse ; 'tis that must Comfort bring,
And where to Death they bled make deathless Lawrels spring

Your Zeal, tho' just, must wait the proper Time ;
I'll teach you then on Sorrow's Wing to climb ;
But now must make a Truce with Grief and Rhyme.

I'll teach you then the Charm that shall beguile
Lamenting Love, and make a Mourner smile ;
The Mateless Nightingal no more complain
And dying Swan revive to hear a Sweeter Strein.
While grieving Friends shall think the tuneful Breath
Ah ! scarce too dearly purchas'd, tho' by Death ;
And while our Worthies sleep in Conquer'd Ground
Fame's Trumpet shall their glorious Names resound ;
Eccho'd by all the grateful Nations round.

At Home we'll raise a Mausolean Pile,
To drown (Ah ! pious Grief !) *Britannia's* Isle.

Yet *Britain's* self chief Mourner shall appear,
 And *Britain's* Queen vouchsafe a Visit There :
 A Visit? More! she shall vouchsafe a Tear ;
 A Tear, that fixing to 'a GEMM, shall shine,
 An ever-blazing Lamp, to light the Warriour's Shrine.

Now for another Canvass we shou'd call ;
 On fresh Designs and new Adventures fall :
 Another Prospect shou'd display, and draw
 Th' Imperial Eaglet perch'd on proud *Landau* ;
 While the 'maz'd World, 'charm'd with so early Fire,
 Th' Auspicious, Bold, First Flight of the Sun's Bird admire.

Then distant Wonders represent afar,
 Ten *Troys* Attack'd and Storm'd in *GIBRALTAR* ;
 Then lanch from Shore into a *Floating* War.
 Rush thro' the Cannon's Smoak, and bring to light
 The smother'd Glories of a Naval Fight ;
 How *Britain's* Fleet compell'd the Foe to yield
 (The fresh, flush'd Foe) and kept the watry Field
 'Gainst all Advantages Advantage gain'd,
 And valiautly her Ocean-Claim maintain'd :
 Ev'n when of Naval Thunder quite bereft,
 All spent, and only *British* Courage left ;

Reduc'd to the *Dumb* Figure of a Fight,
 How then they fac'd, and *Look'd* the Foe to Flight:
 Stern *Marius* so the Murd'rer did survey,
 And frown'd th' affanating Slave away.
 But the Sea-Battel will Sea-Room require;
 Fame's Triumph waits, and we must now retire;
 To Native *Thames* expecting Banks return,
 Where *Albion* does her Absent Hero mourn.
 The Trumpet calls and I must wing away
 To celebrate the Triumphs of the Day;
 To sing the Glorious YEAR a kind *Adieu*,
 And to the Guardianship of Fame commit th'auspicious New

The TRIUMPH.

W Here beauteous *Greenwich* views, with graceful Pride,
 Her Charms reflected in the Chrystal Tide,
 There *Britons*, on your *Thames* proud Bank, behold
 Fame's Chariot blazing all with Gems and Gold.
 There Art and Cost their Rival Forces join,
 In friendly Strife to crown the great Design :
 There living Imag'ry, with strange Delight,
 And figur'd Action charm the gazing Sight,
 Warm *Schellenberg*, and *Blenheim's* breathing Fight.
 War's marching Equipage and glorious Train.
 With all that her emblazon'd Fields contain,
 Th' Assemblage make of Fame's Triumphant Wain.
 Of the Sun's Breed the fiery Steeds appear,
 And Lawrell'd Conquest is the Charioteer.

Another Stately Wonder standing by,
Britannia, with bright Ensigns waving high;
 Heralds th' Imperial Emblems of her Court,
 Her Crown, her Sceptre, and her Globe support.
 On her broad Banners loud her Lions roar,
 Deep her Retinue spread, and cov'ring al. the Shore.

With.

With stately Grief an *Eastward* Sigh she sent;
 And call'd with so august a Voice as rent
 The Neighb'ring Seas and distant Continent.

Europa hear; since hush'd are War's Alarms,
 Restore my Hero to my longing Arms;
 Your State's secur'd, your Fears and Dangers o'er,
 My Hero to my longing Arms restore.
 The Field is done, but ah! his Task renew'd,
 Nor can his Toils with the Campaign conclude.
 For *Europe's* Safety doom'd to double Care,
 The Soldier's and the States-man's Part to bear:
 Your Oracle as well as Sword and Shield,
 Nor less in Council Active than in Field.
 Consign'd to glorious Labour's endless Round,
 Hard Lot! but what the World's first Worthies found,
 Thus *Theseus*, thus *Alcides* grew renown'd.
 Thus must Transcendant Excellence be prest,
 Renounce its own Repose to give the Nations Rest.
 She said--- High seated on the Swelling Tide,
 The Wat'ry Pow'rs appear in all their Ocean-Pride,
 Shell-sounding *Tritons* on the Right were plac'd,
 And Vocal *Nereids* the Left Circle grac'd,

In charming Consort join'd they Sing and Play
 To cheer the grieving Dame, and chide the Fleet's Delay.
 In Streins of Martial Movement they express
 The Hero's March, Adventure and Success.
 Thro' *Schellenberg* they urge the Fate of *France* ;
 To *Blenheim's* Field the Conq'ring Song advance.
 They press and push the Foe from Ground to Ground,
 Till Fighting-Room the Foe no longer found.
 Till *Danube's* Stream, choak'd to a *Stygian* Lake,
 Thro' plunging Squadrons can no Passage make.
 O Thunder Stroke that shook the Gallick Throne !
 A Stroke that made the Gallick Genius groan ;
 Alarm'd her panting Realm with ancient Fears,
 Scar'd with up-starting Ghosts of *Cressy* and *Poitiers*.

They chang'd their Note ; and in a softer Style,
 They sung the Blessings of *Britannia's* Ile ;
 By special Priviledge of Nature hurl'd
 Apart, and made a self-sufficient World.

To Father *Thames* they thankfully address ;
 Congratulating his late Happiness ;
 An Honour'd * Envoy from his humble Bed,
 T'a Lofty Park and Royal Audience led.

* Letter to
Mr. Boileau
 on the *Blen-*
heim Victory

(A Lofty Park that now disputes the Bayes,
And *Cooper's Hill* with Rival Pride surveys:)

Bless'd Muse, that could to *ANNA's* Presence call

Our Ocean-Court, and from the Sacred Hall

With her Commission'd Hero's fiery Speed,

Set out, sail, march, encounter and succeed

O *Pegasean* Progress, swift and sure!

O Prosp'rous Bold, and Daringly Secure!

They sung *AUGUSTA* their Imperial Dame,

AUGUSTA the *Metropolis* of Fame,

E'er *Rome* determin'd her disputed Name;

And *Rome*, when Mistress of the World, excell'd

As far as *Thames* above the *Tyber* swell'd.

Britannia's pious Hierarchy they sing;

Her Sons reliev'd by Royal Bounty's Spring.

Here Misers, in this gen'rous Instance, see

A Wonder-Working Spring of Charity.

So fell th' Ambrosial, the Celestial Dew

On Desert Grounds, and in the *Gath'ring* grew.

O Sons of Wealth this *PRESIDENT* pursue;

And, by expending, your *blest* Stores renew.

Britannia's Peers they sung, in Counsel set,
 Like First-Orb Stars in shining Consult met ;
 Blazing in Wonder at each others Fires,
 And all the Sons of Glory rank'd in Quires.

Her Representing Galaxie, (the Pride
 Of *Albion*, Dread of all the World beside.)
 The Constellation, on whose Aspects wait
 Depending *Europe's* Fortune and her Fate :
 Their kind Provisions for the Publick Wants,
 And doubling, by *Dispatch*, their gen'rous Grants.

They blest the Manag'ry of those Supplies,
 So Regular, so Constant, Just, and Wise ;
 The Care could make the State-Engagements good,
 Supply the Field, yet not exhaust the Flood,
 But Circling keep the Mass of *Britain's* vital Blood.
 O duly, Honour, were thy Ensigns plac'd
 On Worth, that Honour's noblest Order grac'd ;
 The great expiring YEAR for the just Tryumph call'd,
 And blest the Glorious Day when Honour was install'd.

They sung the PALACE, PIETY's Resort,
 Translated from the Cell to shine at Court.

How Virtues and the Graces Sacred Train
 Were Crown'd with *ANNA*, and with *ANNA* Reign.
 Since therefore, now, with SOV'REIGNTY indu'd,
 'Tis Breach of LOYALTY, 'tis TREASON to be Lewd,

They sung their Guardian *GEORGE* ; betimes renown'd.
 And early with immortal Lawrel Crown'd.
 Whose Princely Virtues make it understood,
 That Greatness is a Pow'r of doing Good ;
 And, like the Sun, the Higher it ascends,
 The farther its Indulgent Beams extends.
 O Clemency with Grandieur Reconcil'd !
 Meridian Lustre, yet, as Morning, Mild.
 Here *Cam* and *Isis* your best Skill employ ;
 The Muses Seats should sing the Muses Joy.
 For *Britain's* Patron your best Strein prepare ;
 And in the Song let Lawrell'd *Liffce* share ;
 Her Harp's Harmonious, and tho' short her Streams,
 None ever blest with more inspiring Dreams.
 Sing, sing Aloud, sing All, for ever sing
 The Rescu'd BROTHER and Protected KING.

The QUEEN they would have sung, and pauz'd to gain
 Recruits of Breath to reach the Charming Strein ;

They.

They paus'd, but e'er they could afresh begin,
The listning Nymphs of *Greenwich* Groves struck in.

How shall we treat stern War in Past'ral Strein,
And in soft Numbers treat a rough *Campaign*.

In Rural Sonnet how shall we express

The Hero's March, Adventures, and Success ?

Accomplish'd Worth in Camp or Court to shine,

To form or execute a great Design ;

How secret He, as Fate, on Action goes,

Till, like a Tempest, that dark Clouds enclose,

He rushes out in Thunder on his Foes.

War's Wreath we must resign to abler Bow'rs ;

Yet still the Queen, the Gracious Queen, is Ours.

To her the *Greenwich* Rural Groves belong,

(Nor scorns the Gracious Queen the *Sylvan* Song)

For her we teach our *Nightingals* to sing,

For her forestal the Glories of the Spring ;

In early Tribute to the Royal * Day,

Make Gloomy Seasons smile, and Winter Gay.

Hail Patroness of Nations! ever live,

To share the Blessings to the World you give.

More than *Astræan* Virtue must obtain,
 More than the Blessings of *Astræa's* Reign.
 Unlabour'd Land a starting Crop shall yield,
 And unsown Plenty load the willing Field.
Ambrosial Spice on ev'ry Thorn shall grow,
 The *Syrian* ROSE on ev'ry Bramble blow :
 The THISTLE too her Verdure shall encrease,
 And Blossom fresh with Amity and Peace.

Live Patroness of Nations, ever live

To crown the Blessings to the World you give:
 Live ! but descend from your high Region down
 Into some Sphere of Credible Renown !
 For should we your proportion'd Praise proclaim,
 'Twould stagger Credit, draw Distrust on Fame ;
 Unless, a Theme so glorious to adorn,
 We spring new *Mines* of Wit, and a *Tenth* Muse be born.

We'll do't---- The richest Ore of undiscover'd Thought,
 Shall into Fancy's Master-Mint be brought,
 Till some Resembling Medal can be wrought:
 We'll ransack Father Ocean's hoarded Store ;
 (But he's your Vassal, and 'twas Yours before)

To Region's Rove of more inspiring Pow'rs,
 To seize the Glories of *Elysian* Flow'rs,
 And Souls of Roses in *Ætherial* Bow'rs.

More had they sung, but their soft Musick found
 In Cannon's Noise and louder Shouting drown'd.
 They found the *Nereids* and the *Tritons* div'd,
Britannia's Wishes Crown'd, her Hero safe Arriv'd.

Fame leads the landed Warriour to her Wain;
 But modest Valour does the Pomp refrain,
 And over Triumph's self the noblest Triumph gain.
 Why (said she) in this gen'ral Joy, ah why
 The only Suff'rer, only Mourner, I?
 Friend to the World (your Favours they proclaim)
 And never till this Hour a Foe to Fame;
 But me your constant Lover you shall find,
 Fame still shall court her Hero, tho' unkind.

In vain you shun the Pomp that will pursue;
 The Triumph you avoid will follow You.
 Thro' Charm'd *AUGUSTA's* Streets your Trophies born,
 YOUR CONQUEST *Britain's* CAPITOL Adorn.

The ODE for New-Year's Day,

Perform'd to Musick before Her MAJESTY

January the First, 1705.

From Fates dark Cell to Empire call'd,
Ah how forlorn must I appear,

Succeeding to the Glorious Year,

That has the Mart of Fame forestall'd.

Conquest, Triumph, ev'ry Blessing,

Nothing left for thy possessing,

War's Wreath from Thee untimely torn,

Of all bereft,

No Garland left

Thy Cradle to adorn.

Ah wo! wo! wo! that ever I was born!

Cease, Oh Cease, (old Time replies)

My Darling Infant Cease thy Cries,

Thy

Thy Predecessor we must own
 Past Ages to have far outshone,
 But still for Thee to shine, Fame's spacious Orb has room ;
 Great are the Blessings past, but greater Thine to come.
 While *Anna* and *George* their Empire retain
 Of the Land and the Main,
 All over Pacifick the Ocean shall smile,
 And *Britain* be ever the Fortunate Isle.

Hark how our *Albion* Shores rebound,
 And *Europe* ecchoes to the Sound ;
 Long may the Royal Pair remain
 Guardians of the Land and Main,
Albion and *Europe's* safe while They and Virtue Reign.

Yes, Virtue has th' Ascendant got,
 Force and Fraud must now obey ;
 In vain perfidious Tyrants Plot,
 While Pious Princes Pray.

In vain is Ambition superiour in Arms,
 Against Valour and Virtue, and Piety's Charms.

All odds but these the Foe cou'd boast,

But all too weak Relief

Against an *English* Host,

Led by an *English* Chief:

Success will wait on War by such a Gen'ral Wag'd,

For such a Glorious Queen and Glorious Cause Engag'd.

GRAND CHORUS

While *ANNA* and *GEORGE* their Empire retain

Of the Land and the Main,

And a *MARLBOROUGH* Fights

Secure are the Rights

Of *ALBION* and *EUROPE* in *PIETY*'s Reign.

F I N I S.

Advertisement:

POrtrait-Royal. A Poem on Her Majesty's Picture set up in Guild-Hall; By Order of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen of the City of London. Drawn by Mr. Closterman. Written by Mr. Tate, Poet-Laureat to Her Majesty. Sold by J. Nutt near Stationers-Hall.